

The history

Cres. Blind feare that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing, then blind reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst oft cures the worse.

Troy. O let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when wee vow to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our mistresse to deuise imposition ynough then for vs to vndergoe any difficulty imposed. ---
This the monstrosity in loue Lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to lymite.

Cres. They say all louers sweare more performance, then they are able, and yet reserue an ability, that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten: and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not monsters?

Troy. Are there such: such are not we; Praise vs as wee are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit loue part no affection in reuersion shall haue a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being borne, his addition shall bee humble: few wordes to faire faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what enuy can say worst shall bee a mocke for his truth, and what truth can speake truest not truer then *Troilus*.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Pand. What blushing still, haue you not done talking yet?

Cres. VVell Vncle what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thanke you for that, if my Lord gette a boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages, your Vncles word and my firme faith.

Pand. Nay Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they bee woed, they are constant being

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*

being wonne, they are burred where they are throwne.

Cres. Bouldnesse comes to me
Prince *Troilus* I haue loued you weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Cressida* thus?

Cres. Hard to seeme wonne: but With the first glance; that euer part If I confesse much you will play the I loue you now, but till now not so But I might maister it; in faith I lye My thoughts were like vnbridled Too headstrong for their mother VVhy haue I blab'd: who shall be VVhen we are so vnsecret to our But though I loue'd you well, I w And yet good faith I wisht my self Or that we women had mens priu Of speaking first. Sweete bid me For in this rapture I shall surely see The thing I shall repent: see see Comming in dumbnesse, from my My very soule of counsell. Stop

Troy. And shall, albeit sweet
Pand. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord I doe beseech
It was not my purpose thus to be
I am asham'd; O Heauens what
For this time will I take my leaue

Troy. Your leaue sweete *Cressida*

Pand. Leaued: and you take leaue

Cres. Pray you content you.

Cres. fir mine own company.

Troy. You cannot shun your self

Cres. Let me goe and try:

I haue a kind of selfe recids with

But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe

To be anothers foole. I would be